

Curiosity Killed The Cat

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by [Murder_Cupcake](#)

Summary

FBI Trainee Will Graham is fascinated by the Chesapeake Ripper and decides to study him and investigate on his own. Little does he know, his curiosity has a price - after all, curiosity killed the cat.

Notes

Kinktober Day 13 - Non-Con + Hannictober Day 13 - Corn Maze. I love this concept very much, maybe one day I'll turn it into an actual fic. Hope you like it!

Despite being just a trainee, Will has been studying the Chesapeake Ripper for quite a while on his own. The classes he'd been attending at the FBI Academy weren't enough to fulfill his curiosity, his desire to know more about this serial killer who has been terrorizing the population of Baltimore through the last years. He always found himself fascinated by the artfully grotesque murder tableaux the ripper created - they weren't like the boring murders of other serial killers he had to study. They could even be considered beautiful.

That's why he decided to study and investigate alone, sneaking through the crime scenes, observing the details, trying to guess what reasons and motives led him to do it in that way, trying to understand his design. He also had a map with locations of the crime scenes, and based on them, he tried to discover which were going to be the future locations.

And that's the reason why he was in front of that old abandoned barn, near a large corn maze. Will wasn't scared. It was still morning, and he told Jack where he was going; not exactly where, but enough so Jack would know where to find him - besides, he had a cellphone. Therefore, he entered the barn, having to move a huge heavy door and coughing with the dust as he stepped in. He turned on the flashlight, and began his exploration.

It didn't have much to see there, at least not what he was expecting. Maybe he'd mistaken the location. If this happened, it was fine; it wasn't the first time he got some information wrong. But then, he smelled something that came from behind a wooden counter, next to some barrels. He got closer to it, the smell becoming stronger and deep down he knew that, in fact, he was right about the place. That fact was confirmed as he approached the counter and looked behind it: there was a corpse. Not a murder tableaux, just a corpse, already decomposing. Judging by its state, it must've been there for six hours, perhaps?

In any case, Will didn't have much time to think because soon he felt a strong hit on his head, and everything became dark.

Will didn't know how many hours had passed when he woke up. He remembered where he was, and felt desperate as soon as he noticed he had his hand tied up behind his back, and the worst, he was completely naked. Then, he heard a sound behind him; he knew the Ripper was there. He couldn't believe he was going to be killed like this, but somehow, the idea of being one of the Ripper's victims excited him.

Will felt a hand on his curls, pulling them, and he gasped. It was the Ripper's hand. Another wave of arousal took over his body, no matter how much he wanted to deny it. The other hand slid through his back. Will would give everything to be able to turn around and see him. Will moaned when the hand touched his ass, sliding between his ass cheeks, and that was when Will realized his hole was already wet. Maybe the Ripper prepared him when he was unconscious; Will got hard with this thought, his thighs trembling as the Ripper put one finger in.

But now Will felt scared. He didn't want it, but at the same time, he did. He wanted to cry and beg him to stop, but his body started to react involuntarily, moving his hips against the finger

and he swore he could listen to the Ripper's low chuckles. His desperation increased when the Ripper took out the finger, only to put his cock inside Will, abruptly and without warning. The boy cried out with the sudden sensation but didn't have time to do anything because the Ripper began to move.

In and out, thrusting roughly, holding Will's waist with violence. Will moaned and whimpered, losing himself through the tears and hating the fact that he was feeling good. The pain and the pleasure and the adrenaline and the danger, everything was too much and so damn good; his tears mixing with sweat, his sore knees on the ground, his wrists probably starting to bleed due to the friction of his skin and the tight rope.

Will came hard when he felt the Ripper coming inside him, holding him still. He continued to cry, quietly sobbing as the other man left him on the floor, his face on the ground. But, all of a sudden, something was tossed on Will. He tried to move his head, and saw that it was his coat, as well as the small cellphone. The Ripper approached him from behind once again, taking his hands and cutting the rope, and Will shivered, now getting on his knees and rubbing his wrists.

He put on his coat, feeling the Ripper's come running down his legs. Will kept his head down, holding the cellphone close to his chest.

"I want them to see you like this", the Ripper said with a sultry, deep voice. "Now call for help before I decide to kill you. Run."

And Will did. He had to make a great effort for his legs to move, and he left the barn, running directly into the corn maze, trying to get as away as possible from the place. He fell on his knees, panting, and turned on the cellphone, immediately calling Jack.

"Jack", he stuttered, his voice was hoarse and weak, "It's Will, help, the Ripper...I'm- corn maze, near the barn, the place I told you, please, help."

And he collapsed on the ground.

One week had passed since the event. Nobody besides Jack and some doctors knew what happened to Will. He was better now, but felt uneasy and nervous most of the time. Jack told Will that it would be good for him to start therapy after this horrible occurrence, and he said that he knew a great psychiatrist. Will didn't have anything to lose.

Both were in the waiting room of said psychiatrist, and Will started to sweat cold. He wasn't ready to share what happened to him with another person.

The office's door opened and Will saw a handsome man, impeccably dressed in a dark blue suit. The moment the man laid eyes on Will, he tilted his head almost imperceptibly. Will shivered, there was something in the man's eyes he couldn't explain.

"Please, come in."

His voice was familiar.

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